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A MOUNTAIN NYMPH

OR THROUGH LOVE'S CRUCIBLE

By EDGAR COLLINS

SYNOPSIS.

[Finley Warburton, an old and feeble millionaire, has two nephews, Herbert Wentworth and Herbert Wentworth, Edgar being the son of a sister and Herbert the son of a brother. Uncle Finley has considerable property and is nursed back to life by a beautiful girl, Belinda Wynne, who afterward comes to nurse him at his home. The old man wants Edgar to marry the girl and so stacks the fortune between them. He also wants Herbert to marry a cousin of the girl's. A will made by the uncle is stolen.]

CHAPTER IV.
THE TOURNAMENT RING.

When the lawyer found that the will was gone, he was utterly speechless. What did it mean? His rugged face grew pale and anxious.

"Who has taken it?" he gasped, asking himself the unanswerable question over and over. "Who has been disturbing my papers? Bridget, she is not such a fool as to do that, nor Mrs. Hall, either. Who, then, has been meddling with my papers? I cannot think this mystery; but one thing sure, Warner is not going to get Belinda Wynne, for I have a will drawn up that will make her a fortune, and he goes for it like a fiend. For Finley Warburton's sake, I must get hold of another will, just the same as I sanction to him, the loss of the other will. Thank heaven! he will never know it, and then there is no danger of complications through the stealing of the will. I will go up and see Warburton at once, and I pray to heaven that he is not dead."

But alas! the lawyer had not reckoned the nice mom, whether Mrs. Hall, the housekeeper knows, or not. She was to find the old man delicious, knowing nobody, nothing outside of old Sam, who was very young and care-free, before the curse of Adam fell upon him. Mrs. Hall was determined the food should be good.

Lawyer Jordan was met just inside the door of the sick man's room by a tall, slender figure, with great, dark eyes and a mass of soft, dark hair in a huge knot at the back of her shapely head. A girl in a blue linsey dress, with a white apron over it, and big, soft, serviceable shoes down and about. The old lawyer did not think of paying due admiration in his hardened heart at sight of the girl, who came swiftly, quietly forward to meet him when Mrs. Hall professed she had gone.

"Is your name Belinda?" he said, in her ears, low voice, lacking a smile.

In the lawyer's retired gaze, as he looked for me, you know. Mr. Warburton is easier at present. I am glad to say so."

"It's just the strangest thing in the world, Mr. Jordan," interrupted the housekeeper, drawing near. "the power Miss Belinda has over the old man. She has only to she goes to the bedside and lays her hand upon his forehead, he grows quiet at once and even if he were in a fever, he would be as he is here."

Lawyer Jordan echoed the housekeeper's words, and a little later was convinced of the truth of them. He was sure that Finley Warburton is a wonderful man, and one for which the soft touch of Belinda's hand and her low, sweet, quieting voice was able to quell at once. She held the gray head back upon the pillow and hushed the sufferer's brow with an odorous.

"Now, you are dismissed, soothing, for, as though he were a child," he said, and he did as he was told.

And, after a little, the old eyes closed, and Finley Warburton drifted into a sweet, sound sleep, such as he had not known for many days. And the old lawyer withdrew, with a sigh of relief, in his heart that upon his next visit he would find his friend able to attend to business, and to the business of the will.

Just at sunset, weary of the unwonted confinement indoors and longing for a breath of fresh air, Belinda strolled out into the grounds which surrounded the Warburton mansion, and, after a little aimless wandering, Herbert Wentworth found her there. He found her in the rose arbor, and, as he left strict orders that the patient should be kept quiet, and Mrs. Hall would have attempted to keep Wentworth out, but she was in the kitchen, and all the sick man's pleasure in the world, he did not care of Herbert's presence in the house.

The old man opened his eyes at the sound of the intruder's footfall upon the soft carpet. The dreaded presence, and the sight of reason shone in the sick man's eyes.

"Belinda," he called, softly, "where is my little Belinda?"

Herbert Wentworth stepped to the bedside and stood over the sick man's pillow.

"It is I, Uncle Finley," he said, in a voice too sweet to be heard, "I have come to see how you are this evening."

The old man turned his face away.

"I want Belinda," he murmured, fretfully. "I want her to sing to me, and to read to me. I have a number of things I want to say, and really been nothing about it, and she has sent me to look for her. I have come to converse a little with me, Uncle Finley."

"Because, if you are," the wily villain went on, "I want to say that——"

"Stop! I want none of your confidences. I am sick, and I do not want you here. I am sick man, and I do not want you here. Go, call you? You know I never liked you, and lately——"

He stopped short. Herbert Wentworth's eyes gleamed with a dangerous light.

"Lately, what?" he asked in a quivering voice.

"No matter. I am too weak and ill to talk. Send Jordan here, will you?"

"Certainly."

But only his breath he added, "I would be a fool, indeed!"

He turned slowly away from the bed, and to his left upon a small safe which stood in a corner of the room. It had always stood there, since Herbert could remember, and it was believed within the Warburton household that the old man kept large sums of money stored away within its capacious depths.

There was a common, old-fashioned affair, which opened by means of an ordinary brass knob, and was secured with a key, as the key was of a very peculiar pattern. Herbert Wentworth chuckled.

As Herbert Wentworth's sharp eyes fell upon the key, he observed that it had a peculiar notch in the shaft of it, and he knew that his uncle had left it there and forgotten it, just before he had been stricken down with illness. Herbert glanced stealthily to the doorway, to see if Belinda had returned, but the old man's face was turned away. It was Wentworth's cue, and he knew it.

Herbert drew back a little.

"We are on the street, Grimshaw," he observed, "and I suppose that is the best disguise I can assume for the present. Now, then, for the safe!"

He turned the key, with an assistance from the notch, and the door swung open. The safe was quite securely, owing to the care and method of Finley Warburton, and Herbert Wentworth made no reply, but thrust his hand within, and drew forth——

Now, how would the man, drawing a folded paper from his pocket, and opening it with a flourish, in Herbert's very face, "It ain't a nice nor a pleasant thing to have to do, but I suppose I must. I'll read it to you, and have it hanging on for years. Do you want to hear it, or shall I read it to you now long it is since I took your note for that blessed amount? If not, let me refresh your memory. You have your note?"

Herbert Wentworth made no reply, but thrust his hand into his pocket, and opened his pocketbook, and, finding what he sought, drew forth a folded paper from his pocket, and opening it with a flourish, in Herbert's very face, "It ain't a nice nor a pleasant thing to have to do, but I suppose I must. I'll read it to you, and have it hanging on for years. Do you want to hear it, or shall I read it to you now long it is since I took your note for that blessed amount? If not, let me refresh your memory. You have your note?"

"Yes, and would Jordan here?" and-at the old man, anxiously.

"To be sure."

He hastened away, closing the door quickly behind him, so that no sound of the old man's voice and the sight of his pleased face could reach him.

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Wentworth started, and his face blushed with anger. "Good heavens! He had forgotten Belinda!

"You see," the old man went on, slowly and leisurely, "I was suddenly taken ill, and——" he paused, as though his mind was beginning to wander again "tell me, Herbert, is the safe locked? I—have a large sum—a large sum of money there."

Herbert saw that he held fast an open paper in his hand, and he was looking down into the face of the man above him.

"Yes," he murmured on, half-incoherently, "quite a large sum—enough for—Belinda—wedding—dower. Very unsafe—so foolishly left—for it's—large sum." He opened his eyes, the expression as though it were a dream. "Belinda—Belinda—Herbert Wentworth!"

The man at the bedside grew ghastly pale and trembled violently. One hand impressed against his breast, where the key was safely hidden away.

"Now, go!" commanded the old man, with a sudden fierceness, and he raised his right arm, as though to strike at the form of the young man. From the thing former of his hand there was something very like a strange, uncanny jewel, a red tourmaline, set in a ring of heavy gold. The sudden strange and uncanny, is remarkable for exciting the passions, and, as Herbert Wentworth changed with magnetism, felt intense the power of the stone. Herbert Wentworth remembered the key in his pocket, and it flashed across his mind that the unmanly man had taken to make his escape by some magnetic attraction. He turned quickly from the bedside, so that no sound of the key between the ring met forth a sudden flash of light, and the old man fell back upon the stolen key he pointed. The blade drew back with a stifled exclamation.

"Don't trouble to be asked, Uncle Finley," he said, treacherously. "I mean no harm, and I should endeavor to have you angry with me. Good-by, for the present; I will return soon."

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and he could not believe her to be as insensible to his love as she seemed to be.

At last his long-looked for opportunity came. Nurse Hunter was in a corner three aisles from Littledrops, when one of the grandchildren succeeded that Doctor Stuart was coming along the road in front of the house.

"Run and tell him to come and see me," said the old woman. "It does me a world of good to see his bonny face. Nurse Hunter fainted her work more than enough for me, and I was right glad when the doctor came in.

"Where is Littledrops?" he began. You will let me see him, will you?"

"No, thank you. I like the walk."

He turned back in a pettish mood and spoke to the maid before nurse had made her presence known.

"You can take the tray back, William, and tell your mistress I am here."

It was a very pretty picture that met his vision, fast fading into twilight. Nurse Hunter knew that it was useless to attempt to walk fast enough not to be overtaken by doctor Stuart. Her heart was throbbing painfully, for she knew that the moment had arrived for a crisis in her affairs, and that it would be for a better thing to regulate him and to reject his love, or to accept it and be brave and firm. So she walked no faster than usual, and in her own mind had argued herself into a decision.

"Littledrops is better after his bad night," he began, looking at her with a queer, sad smile. "May I advise that you go home and have a rest instead of trying to read her thoughts.

She could have screamed. Why did he

The next moment there was a touch on her shoulder.

not put an end to the unbearable tension?

"Nurse," he said at last, so gently, so fearfully, that she had to look up for encouragement. But I must know the truth, once for all. Do you love me? I love you, that I want you to be my wife, that I have loved you ever since I first saw you. Can you love me in return?"

Her lips were dry and her voice harsh as she answered him, but she answered.

"It is true, and my calling seems for the moment to be forgotten. I do love you, but I cannot be your wife. You are rich and I am poor. You are proud and I am humble. You must not wish it."

"I do wish it, and tell you give me a kiss, dear, and I will forget all else."

She went down and touched the tiny, pale face with her lips, and then left the room. Doctor Stuart followed her, and, taking her hand, led her back to the bedside.

"Littledrops, look at her. Tell her that I am nothing without having only—"

"Hush!" said the child, with a sudden look of fear in her face. "Don't look at me like that, Mr. Grimstone, or I shall be afraid to say my prayers. Nurse, you will look after me, and I will try to get well. Please, please, don't look like that, Mr. Grimstone, or I shall be afraid to say my prayers."

"Littledrops, you must not be afraid of me. Nurse Hunter is going away, but she will come back to see you."

"Will you promise me?"

"Yes, I promise you."

"Then I will let you kiss me your hand on it."

Herbert reluctantly submitted to the hand-shaking, and then turned away.

"For, if I am not paid in one months'—" he muttered, as he left the room, "I shall pay myself in another way."

"In one month," repeated the man, "Harry does not owe me a penny. I owe you to the public. You shall be known as the benefactor of humanity, and the prince you go to, sure as fate."

Nurse Hunter had heard Herbert's hand shaking, and was about to make some excuse to return this money to you, the doctor's assistant, hurried. Does Doctor Stuart calmly you?"

"He shall mark eyes twinkled.

"Yes, he has, and I refuse, Mr. Herbert, to have anything more to do with you. You must find some other nurse. For the last month you have been a curse to me, and running about the country, following me. I have endured it as long as I can endure it."

Herbert waxed.

"I have come to put an end to it, sir, once or positive!" said on Grosvenor, addressing the doctor. "I am sick of your conduct, and will not stand it any longer, like a man. I know it is a big sum to you, but I have got it, and you must have thought of that before you obliged me to accept it. I am not a man to live on charity, nor business; my business is to say that you have behaved like a cad, and I am here to tell you face to face. Do you understand?"

Herbert's face was ghastly, and his voice harsh and trembling.

"I will pay in thirty days, Mr. Grimstone," he stammered, "if you will give me time."

He wheeled abruptly about and left the room, and the doctor turned to the nurse, his keen eyes fixed upon Herbert's retreating figure.

"Well, he has the assurance of the old Harry, I must say that for him. Nurse, you have been very brave, and I can read my eyes on that young man. It seems to me that I have been a fool to trust my banker with his promises to pay. We'll have him up for the money, and if he can't draw a long breath—it he does not pay. I am sorry that I have been so weak as to let you go, nurse, but I will not be so, now. Littledrops is to live, and you are to live with her."

There was a sound from the bed—the sound of a sob, and the nurse turned to the child, and found that the little one had almost deserted nurse for Littledrops—the one who had been the means of saving her from cruelty and neglect for all time. Littledrops smiled through her tears, and then, as nurse stood there, she saw the child sitting up, pale and fair, almost, she thought, as the angels are said to be. She must tell her that the next week's wages would be paid to her mother, not her Grandmother, and that he was entirely free to go.

"Littledrops," she began.

"Why nay, nurse," said a voice at the top of the stairs, and there was a man in the bedroom where the fire had just been lighted, and he looked on it with a look of suffering. The terribly injured man had been carried up to the room, and the doctor had been called in to see the extent of the hurts, who with a frightened face, looked down upon the man he had left in the morning in the full vigor of manhood. Doctor Stuart."

"Ah, here is the doctor!" he exclaimed, in a tone of relief, as she threw aside her hat and cloak, and came to the bedside. "I've got my leather bound directions and remedies, so we shall soon get him right. The man was found to be injured chiefly about the head, and the doctor, Doctor Stuart also feared internal mischief, and was glad that he had come in time to help."

"Doctor, doctor, will he get better? Nurse, do tell me what you think!" exclaimed Littledrops, and then a shrewd, dimpled, scared-looking face appeared over the balcony-rail by the broken where nurse had left the door open, and the child had heard her voice.

Doctor Stuart avoided Nurse Hunter's face for the moment, and looked down upon the sad wreck of humanity before him. She had avoided him before. They did not meet each other's eyes, and when he did not answer, but glanced at Doctor Stuart, she knew that he was afraid to do so. Do not agitate him," were his expressed answer.

No one had seen the quiver of pain that passed over her face, and no one knew the agony with which she listened to the words. Littledrops was to live with Doctor Stuart's sweetness and almost—grandmotherly care since the wedding of the Clarence hotel.

On Doctor Stuart's return Miss Rose often asked Nurse Hunter to have tea with her, and the nurse, who had been so brave, so strong, so full of self-control, would break down and talked, as they were alone, of her own selfish cares on the nurse's books.

"It was a curious coincidence that that man should die beside me," said Miss Rose, one day, when nurse was there with her for her real life. But I have got so used to nothing is too curious to be true."

There was a ring at the front door-bell.

I must go for a few moments. I have an appointment," Miss Rose said, and, giving a little unconscious sigh at her visitor, she left the room.

Nurse Hunter leaned back in her luxurious chair, and wondered what Littledrops would be when more to live in a home—a real home, than she had ever been in her life. She was glad that that she had been enabled to help her, and to be the means of saving her from cruelty and neglect. In the quiet, warm room and dainty fire-light she began to dream of the future, and she shut her eyes—for a moment, and then opened them with a start.

"You shall have her, my boy!" he said, and then he saw nurse Hunter, and he took his hand from hers. You take her, and you will be happy."

He stood for a moment looking down upon the pale, tired face, with the dark shadows under the eyes, and then left the room without another word.

"Is he too soon?" he said, anxiously, to the doctor, who turned the sad and beautiful face to his. "I am afraid. You have never even said—that you love me."

All but what in the use of saying what was so plain? Herbert had left the house and put her husband's name on the door-plate, and Littledrops was to be her child, and she would be happy. Nurse Hunter was comfortable as possible.

"Littledrops," she said, "I am going to leave you for a little while, and I will not be a letter thing to regulate him and to reject his love, for I know that he is good and brave and firm. So she walked no faster than usual, and in her own mind had argued herself into a decision.

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Social Mistakes.

Perhaps the greatest of all social mistakes is to be talkative when one's self. There is no word in all the English language which is more full of extreme ugliness than the word gossip. Though one of the most common words there is none that takes on more ugliness in the every-day world. "It" is a lure. It is better not to mention an absent one than an ill-natured one.

Another social folly is "push." There is an indecency about it. True there are people who, by reason of their good nature in wishing to give everyone a good time, they should remember that even sensible exaggerations in a coarse and unrefined surrounds at first, but having a doubtful title to good breeding afterward.

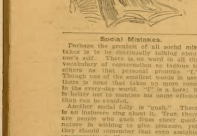
On the other hand there is a certain claim of "push" which is not to be considered as such. In going to our entertainments they feign indifference about everybody and everything, without expressing either interest or appreciation. They think it "bad form" to show any pleasure in the thought of opportunity to be incapable of enjoyment.

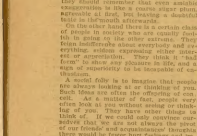
A social folly to be imagined, but one we are always looking at or thinking of you. Such ideas are a few of the offspring of conceit. As a matter of fact, people very often look at you without seeing or thinking of you. They have other things to think of. They are so much wrapped up in themselves that we not infrequently be proud of our friends' and acquaintances' attentions, they would be more just feelings and magnanimity grievances.

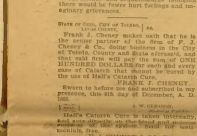
STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co. doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

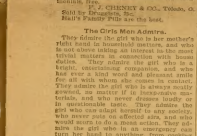
The Girls Most Admire.

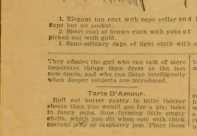
They admire the girl who is her mother's right hand in household matters, and who is not above taking an interest in the most trivial matters in connection with these duties. They admire the girl who is a good sister, and who is not above, if she has ever a bad word, or an unkind smile for all with whom she is brought in contact. They admire the girl who is strong and well governed, no matter if in inexpensive materials, and who never dresses slovenly or in questionable taste. They admire the girl who is not above helping her mother who wears a shabby dress, and who would scorn to do it. They admire the girl who is an encouraging word when turn her hand to anything, from cooking the family dinner to entertaining an old lady. They admire the girl who is unselfish enough to give up some pleasure for the sake of another, and does not consider herself aggrieved at having to do it.

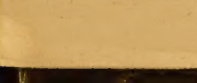












AUTUMN COATS AND WRAPS.

1. Elegant tan coat with cape collar and large pearl buttons. There are pocket flaps in the skirt.

2. Short coat of brown cloth with yoke of cream cloth with brown embroidery picked out with gold.

3. Semi-military cape of light cloth with shaped ruffle, and trimming bands.

They admire the girl who can talk of more important things than dress or the last book fiasco, and who can listen intelligently when deeper subjects are introduced.

Tarts D'Amour.

Roll out butter pastry in little thicker sheets than you would use for a pie; bake in fancy cups thus forming little empty shells, which you fill when cool with thick custard and jelly or raspberry jam. Place these to small letters or monograms in one corner.

Teaching Babies to Eat.

A father tehose many olive branches do both credit to early training as to tender care with authority in that direction says a baby should be taught to eat with a spoon. A child out of the family calls in a civilized manner, he regards it as half-stylished. While this may be an extreme view, his method of gaining the important point is so practical and simple that it is worth thoughtful consideration at least. It demands that as soon as the youngest member of the household is allowed to feed itself, it should quarter at one meal each day, and this perfectly breakfast or dinner, when the whole family is present in general. In selecting the baby's food, not as a hindrance to neatness, and substitutions from the first white bone and the silver "push," a late and great contributor of baby progress. The food is carefully cut and placed on a pretty dish-ful, and the baby is left to help itself. The child comes to delight in the social element with great ease and certainty. After a few trials, one finds it is not either from fretful or carelessness, means of conveying food to the mouth. The use of the silver cup with handle is much to be preferred to the spoon, as the baby can suck as much, and, as it is provided with this reference now feels the dignity and importance of its position, and behaves accordingly.

For Plain Women.

A woman who positively suffers from erroneous views this advice to her sisters should be heeded. Her own appearance is the most convincing of the evidence of her lack of adroitness, I cannot on suddenly "grow" beautiful, with half-dozen lessons, yet the observance kind which makes you look your best. Shapelessness, for instance, which says very plainly that while you have no taste in dress, you are determined to have your way. No woman usually will feel belligerent with a well-fitting gown, and neat, and comfortable, and becoming interest you. And from that moment be the best if you are one of the clever women I meet every day.

A BELATED BOYHOOD.

The Story of a Restrained Purpose That Finally Broke Away and Ran Riot.

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD.

I.

The soon tran from the wet pulled lots the little solution. A man in a wheelbarrow carrying a child, stopped from it. As they passed the house, the child saw a boy with a tabular satchel, in one hand, while the other hung the long shining tails over which they had been fishing. The boy was looking down at the hill road on the left. Presently a sulky, farm-wagon appeared, and the boy greeted the newcomers, then silently lifted the satchel to the back of the wagon.

"Will you ride, Mark Haskell?" the driver says over the story hood, they have a little gossip. "Get in!" Mark Haskell replied.

"Mary Ida," answered Mark Haskell.

"Well," said the driver, "I guess Mamie's better than Millers, eh?" Mark Haskell replied, pleased to dolls because you're coming."

"I don't care," said Mark, "I'm going to send Mrs. Haskell. Then we're going to ride on the old place. Then we'll go farther to go round by it now?"

"Yes," said the driver, a sudden turn brought them into sight of their old home. Mark Haskell looked at it with a long, lingering round it and then turned away. But the white farmhouse the rugged thistle-grown fields, and the orchard on the side of it raised a spike floated down from the old home. As they looked at it, the boy's head down drifted to Mrs. Haskell's shawl.

"Mamie's tired," she said to her husband. "I'll take her in the house and put her to bed, and the great loneliness of the was she had walked to school as a child. She folded her father's coat about the little girl among these hills. In that home her first child had been born, and there Agnes had died

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MORAN, OF THE LADY LETTY.

A STORY OF ROUGH LIFE AT SEA.

By Frank Norris.

"It's not much, Moran," he muttered, "they'll rush us in a minute."

(Rose Wilmot, a society man of San Francisco, has been shipped before the mast on the ship's waterfront, is assaulted by a brutal sailor named Dutton. He is rescued by The sailor engages him in conversation, and finds that Wilmot has been shanghaied by the drinks Wilmot here remembers, he is put in the forecastle, and is set to work as a sailor. He is ordered aloft and falls to the bay. He remonstrated with the officer, but was threatened with a knife. He promptly knocks him down when he receives a blow in the face. He is ordered before the captain, instructs him in seamanship, and is made the mate in the place of Dutton. Wilmot, finding an old friend on board, Wilhelm, calling on the captain, discovers that he is a relative of the latter's dead wife. Wilmot, calling on the captain, discovers that he is a relative of the latter's dead wife. Wilmot falls in love with the daughter of the Lady Letty's captain, Selkirk, and is warned by the latter to let the captain's daughter alone. Wilmot is attacked by Dutton, and is rescued by Moran, who has become a sailor. The Lady Letty's captain, Selkirk, is murdered by Dutton, who makes himself a sailor of ability. The Lady Letty sails for Japan, and Wilmot and Moran become cronies of the schooner. Dutton, who has shipped on the vessel, is ordered to return to San Francisco. Arrived at the Golden Gate, Dutton is discovered in the act of murdering the first mate, Schoenler.)

CHAPTER VI.

In spite of his best efforts at self-control, Wilmot could not help a slight start of surprise. That sickening, uncanny lifting of the schooner's bow, that he had felt but once before when she was not enough wind to give steerage way, was now repeated. A deep sense of something new was borne through the air.

Moran, who was standing by the wheel, saw the look-thickened face. Nothing—not even the sudden, ominous change in the weather—could have startled him more than to see that flushed down from the stars showed Wilmot's face. He knew that the end of the world was near.

The succeeding stillness was profound. Wilmot, Moran, and Dutton stood motionless, dropped like the things of a dream from the world of reality. Then, suddenly, the sea, the sky, the whole universe, seemed to shriek with a wail that was indescribably human.

"Jesus Christ!" said Moran.

"Keep her steady," said Wilmot.

"Keep what, she says!" he bellowed in his ear.

"Keep her steady," he repeated, as the words came to him as from a distance.

Another week passed. Charlie began to show signs of recovery. He was able to sit up and take nourishment.

"I took him to him as way, sure a no," said Moran, "but he's all right now. The shock was swallowed by a touch on his head. He's all right now, only he's got a bump on the back."

"Is the liver working?" she said in a voice that seemed to come from the end of a long tube.

"Yes, sure asleep; I haven't noticed anything. Is it beginning again?"

"Oh, no," answered Wilmot, just now very much interested in the sea, "I don't think we shouldn't have noticed it." They were talking in the cabin, and Moran was absently speaking in the dark.

"Is the light all right?" exclaimed Wilmot under his breath. A gentle vibration, becoming more and more pronounced, was communicated to the whole ship. Wilmot felt it in the tail. Wilmot could feel a faint current of air, which, as he watched, grew stronger and died slowly away.

The schooner's motion slowly under him, this time by the stern. Up she went, up and up, then hung for a moment as if she were to keep his place, and tried to climb down the back of the wave as it rose to overtake the ship.

In the stern, something cracked and splintered. The schooner's stern lifted, and dipped faded into the sea, and the bow, pointed and elevated to her head, spun to the wind.

"Look!" said Moran, for four toward the Bertha Miller. "Look at that!"

Wilmot looked. It was true, the Bertha Miller was coming down upon them.

There was no more sleep for any one on board that night. Wilmot remained the quarter deck, sick with a feeling he dared not name. Moran, in the forecastle, at the wrecked cabin door, a useless joint in his hand, and Dutton, in the cabin, with the wounded Charlie, kept a lookout through the starboard cabin window. Hour after hour Dutton looked at Wilmot through the companion-way, and Wilmot looked himself away.

Sunday morning the breakfast was had in silence and grim perplexity. It was too late in the season for typhoons, and the barometer was finished now. Bertha Miller was abandoned.

"Look!" said Wilmot, as she regained the deck. "The derry's gone; they've taken it. It was our only boat; we can't get ashore."

"Humph, cowardly, superstitious cuss, I should have suspected that. They would have taken it, of course, if they had time. They're bound into San Francisco, and they'll put that off to the last minute."

When morning came the deserters could be made out camped on the shore, near to the mouth of the river. Their movements were could not be conjectured. Dutton kept up all manner of insolence and impertinence. It was evident that the Chinese had preferred and hounded of fortune to remaining longer upon the schooner.

"Well, we can't see sand without it," said Wilmot. "Can we live, work its passage, and get it into San Diego?"

"Won't try it on anyhow, sahn," said Moran; "we might get her into San Diego, anyhow."

The Chinamen had left plenty of provisions on board and Moran cooked breakfast. Fortunately by 8 o'clock a very light breeze sprang up from the north, and the ship, with a thousand miles before her, lifted and made sail.

Wilmot kept away at the forward trips preparing to coat loose from the helm and the lashed wheel, and Moran stayed at the wheel, when suddenly she exclaimed:

"Oh, look! look! Oh, look at the blind eye!"

In fact, a long-looking craft had just made her appearance at the entrance to Magdalena bay.

CHAPTER VII.

Wilmot remained aft, and found Moran oh the quarterdeck. She was already sixty-four miles from the mouth of the bay.

"There's a new light of boat in me," she said, "and I'm going to see what's in her. I'm going to see what's in her. I'm going to see what's in her.

THE HAG.

A Mystery of a Beautiful Magician.

By LEROY ARMSTRONG.

(Copyrighted, by the author, 1898.)

SYNOPSIS.

The opening chapters deal with the first discovery of "The Hag" in the cellar of the house alleged to be haunted, and with a mystery concerning Mrs. Morton with seems to have been in two places at once. Mrs. Morton is discovered to be the daughter of an actress named Scott. Morton Travers is induced while hound for the scene. Following this mysterious incidents happen on a yacht and at the theater, where Mrs. Bell seems to be the two personalities—Mrs. Thorne and Mrs. Bell—are seen at the same time. Travers, Mrs. Bell, Mr. Ward Bellingham, and others, are mystified at the many strange happenings. The characters are on hand for announcement, but—watch. Millionaire Bell thinks he is a victim of the ghost of Hallows, and a stranger follows Mr. Morton Travers and gets into trouble with her lover. The great day of Hallowe'en finally comes into the tale, and Mrs. Fallen decides to "bring out" Mr. Bell. Ed Thorne fights a battle on the stage, and Mrs. Fallen's home is the scene of a mystery of a fake séance. Mrs. Fallen does "take out" Mr. Bell.

CHAPTER XV.

"The strange the subject should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy."

It had been a problem from the beginning to get Millionaire Miles Travers to contribute something to the fund for August 7. It could not specially benefit him, and with unusual improvement in real estate values he was not pressed for money. He was eager. It was a business problem. The merchants and hotel men, railroad companies and steamboat owners were putting up the money. But Travers had grown formidably rich by close attention to the stranger's magnetism. His work involves propositions that must be put to him, and he could not without it. He had stood out against every desirable corporation, heads of half the chambers of commerce, and most of the real-estate value in every part of the city. It was, then, natural that the committee of

"The committee waited upon him with a request that he subscribe $5,000 to the fund. He looked the three men who called upon him over in a way that made them feel like so many pieces of unwelcome merchandise, and had invited them to step into the office of the millionaire's attorney, Mr. Fallen, who had been called in during the interview. Fallen knew all about it; and Mr. Bell, finding the thrill of her success in the sensitive hand would go nothing forward and her to a new height, was willing to take for the sake of consequence, the unresolved as to all matters.

Ed Thorne, chaman, knew all about it, too, and Mrs. Bell, who had been called in with Ward Bellingham and Travers, knew all of it, also.

Ward Bellingham, executive in the company, understood it; but he was disturbed by the situation. Travers was annoyed. He drew vastly concerning himself and one Ward Bellingham.

Mrs. Bell, sitting and waiting, did not know. So did the small and big talisman that dangled from the chain on the breathlessly drank of the nectar this Ward who had dipped in the cup of exaltation might gradually grow them.

Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Thorne, Ward Bellingham, and Travers constituted the committee. Ed Thorne and Mrs. Fallen did not hear Dr. Ward Bellingham; and he discovered she was conspiring with Travers to maintain the pretense of interest. It was a matter of some delicacy, and she broken the circle of meeting attention to Mrs. Thorne's husband.

Mrs. Thorne looked down from her chair, returning through countless centuries to consciousness of the men in the room. But she did it unobtrusively.

It was well she did. Ward Bellingham knew

POLLY'S PIE.

When Mary Ann was cooking once,
Our Polly made a pie
She took some flour and water
And some butter standing nigh;
And then she took some sugar, 'cause
She says she likes things sweet,
And sprinkled on the rolling-board
All that she didn't eat.

She rolled it out a long, long time,
With salt, a little bit;
She dropped it four times on the floor,
And once she stepped on it.
She doesn't think pie plates made of tin
Are pretty, so she took
A small, red flower-pot saucer,
Which was better for the cook.

She filled her pie with half a pear,
Two raisins and a date,
Then put it in the oven, and
Forgot it till quite late.
It was not burned, for Mary Ann
Had taken care of that;
So Polly gave a party to
The chickens and the cat.

—Outlook.

BLAZING KRAKATOA.

The Greatest Explosion the World Has Ever Known.

Coming now to the explosion of Krakatoa, let me note that, although we have here what is admittedly the most formidable volcanic convulsion of modern times, perhaps the most formidable in our whole history, yet the place of its occurrence was quite insignificant.

Krakatoa on those memorable days in 1883, the 26th and 27th of August was a poor neglected little island in the strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. No one lived there, no ships touched there, and in the presence of forty-nine towering volcanic mountains on the neighboring island of Java, some of them 12,000 feet high and most of them in chronic disturbance, no scientist had ever paused to observe the peculiar situation of Krakatoa with its one humble peak, measuring scarcely 3,000 feet.

Had he given much heed, he would have made some important discoveries, notably that this humble peak was not the real volcano at all, but only a tooth in the ragged jaw of its vast crater, a crater that was largely submerged, and included not only the island of Krakatoa, but several other islands in the Strait of Sunda. And he would have seen that here, at some time in the dim past, had stood a great mountain that may have joined Java and Sumatra, and that certainly had a girth of twenty-five miles at its base and a summit towering with the best of them.

That was the real volcano Krakatoa, after the work of its building up with lava layers had been completed, and before the phase of its self-destruction had begun. Then, in the pride of her strength, Krakatoa proceeded to tear herself to pieces; she blew her head off; she blew her shoulders off, she scattered her body far and wide, and finally left herself only a "basal wreck," in the words of Darwin, to rest upon, and that half under water.

All this the scientist would have discovered, and also that broken and disfigured though she was, Krakatoa still stood at the intersection of two great lines of volcanic energy, and therefore marked the most dangerous volcanic focus on the surface of the earth.

But all this came as after-knowledge, and the giant force imprisoned in that unheeded crater was allowed to rend asunder its fetters with a quaking of the earth and a blazing of the heavens, before any suspicion of its presence went abroad.

For nearly 200 years Krakatoa had done nothing; then on Sunday morning, May 20, 1883, she began to rouse herself, merely a matter of steam and falling ashes, with a roaring heard plainly in Batavia, a hundred miles away. Then followed three months of menacing prelude, as if she wished to give the world fair warning. Then, on the 24th of June, a second crater opened. Soon after this a third crater opened.

The low-lying walls of the craters had at last given way in many places, and there were white hot chasms below the level of the sea, sending up to the waves their hissing challenge. Then thousands of tons of water surged downward, and the fight was on. This was Sunday afternoon, August 26.

For the first few hours the fires of the earth made short work of the sea, driving it back in splendid explosions that came every ten or twelve minutes. Each explosion sent up black columns, miles in height, steam and smoke and ash and pumice, all the scum and debris on the surface of the molten lake, and drove back the sea in great waves. Soon the darkness of night settled over Java and Sumatra, and over vessels sailing in those waters, and through the darkness at intervals was seen the glory of Krakatoa, a terrifying glory. "From a distance of forty miles," says an eye-witness on a ship, "it looked like an immense wall, with bursts of forked lightning darting through it and blazing serpents playing over it." These bursts of brilliancy were the regular uncoverings of the angry fires.

As the hours passed, the sea gained an advantage through fresh breaks in the crater walls that offered new points of attack. The explosions became more and more frequent until, about midnight, they sounded to the people of Batavia and Buitenzorg like one continuous roar, the noise making it impossible for the inhabitants of these places to sleep. It was generally believed that a heavy cannonading was going on in the immediate vicinity, though why, no one could imagine. The concussion shattered stone walls, upset lamps, and tore gas meters from their fixings. And yet Batavia is as far from Krakatoa as London is from Portsmouth.

And all through that Sunday night electricity did wonderful things in the heavens, and sailors saw balls of fire resting on the mastheads of their ships and at the extremities of the yardarms, and in some cases lightning struck the mainmasts.

The climax came the next morning at about 10 o'clock. For some hours the explosion had been more violent, though at longer intervals; the sea had made the fire retreat, but the fire had checked the farther passage with walls and floors of hardened lava. When these blew up, it was like blowing up the eternal foundations. But the hardest shock was yet to come. Did the earth open in one gigantic fissure and call the sea down for a final desperate encounter, or was there a sudden subsidence of strata to fill in the hollows left by what had been ejected? Not even the wisest scientist can say. But there came an explosion so loud, so violent, and so far-reaching in effect, that it made what had gone before seem as child's play in comparison, and made all other explosions known to the earth in historic times dwindle into insignificance.

Krakatoa blow ng its head off.

To begin with, this explosion set in motion air-waves that traveled around the earth four times one way and three times the other; that is, they disturbed every self-recording barometer on the globe no less than seven times. They traveled around the earth once in about thirty-six hours, or at the rate of 700 miles an hour, which is somewhat slower than sound-waves travel. For it must not be supposed that these air-waves produced sound; their periods of vibration were too long for that; in other words, their sounds were too low for our range of hearing. Those that went in the direction of the earth's rotation, that is, from west to east, traveled about twenty-eight miles an hour faster than the waves that went in the opposite direction.

Besides these inaudible air-waves, there were others of shorter vibration, that came within our range of hearing. These waves carried the sounds of the last terrible explosions over distances far beyond anything else known in human experience of sound transmission. All over Sumatra and Java the sounds were distinctly heard, which is as if all the people in New York should hear an explosion in Boston.

That, however, is nothing. A resident at St. Lucia Bay, Borneo, 1,116 miles distant, writes: "The noise of the eruption was plainly heard all over Borneo." This last was as if the people in Chicago had been frightened by a noise in New York.

But still this is nothing. From Tavoy, Burmah, 1,478 miles distant, they sent out the police launch in alarm; and Staff Commander Coghlan, R. N., writes from Perth, West Australia, 1,902 miles distant: "This coast has been visited (August 27) by sounds like the firing of guns inland." And Mr. Skinner, of Alice Springs, South Australia, 2,233 miles distant, writes: "Two distinct reports similar to the discharge of a rifle were heard on the morning of the 27th, and similar sounds were heard at a sheep camp nine miles west of the station, and also at Undoolya, twenty-five miles east."

At Diego Garcia, an island in the Indian ocean, 2,267 miles distant, the people heard sounds from the east so distinctly that they thought it must be a ship in distress. And finally, Mr. James Wallis, chief of police in the Island of Rodriguez, which is almost across the Indian ocean, 2,968 miles from Krakatoa, writes: "Several times during the night of the 26th-27th, reports were heard coming from the east, like the distant roar of heavy guns." This was as if a noise in Philadelphia had been heard in San Francisco.

Summing up the results of many reports like the above, it stands as certain that the Krakatoa explosion was heard over a sound zone covering one-thirteenth of the earth's entire surface; also, that the sounds were carried much further toward the west than toward the east, owing probably to the fact that a strong wind was blowing at the time.

Coming next to the sea waves sent from Krakatoa, the damage done by these was enormous. Two lighthouses in the Strait of Sunda were destroyed, all the towns and villages on the shore of Java and Sumatra bordering the strait were destroyed, all the boats and vessels on the same shores were destroyed, and 36,380 lives were lost.

The wave that started at 10 o'clock was the one that wrought the worst destruction. Its average height, when it struck the shores of Java and Sumatra, is estimated at fifty feet, but in many places it is known to have been much higher than that. At Merak, on the Java coast, where there is a funnel-shaped bay that may have heaped the water up, the wave is said to have reached a height of 135 feet. And a man-of-war, the Berouw, lying off the Sumatra shore, was carried a mile and three-quarters inland, up a valley, and left in a forest thirty feet above sea level.

These sea-waves traveled across the Indian ocean in all directions, and were recorded by the gauges at Colombo, Ceylon, 1,700 miles distant; and at Cape Horn, about 5,000 miles distant. That is, they washed the southern coasts of Asia and the eastern coasts of Africa. Their average rate of transmission was about 350 miles an hour; their average height as shown by the gauges, was from six to eighteen inches.

Coming now to other effects of this great explosion, it is established on the evidence of many officers of ships and dwellers on islands, that on this day a large part of the Indian ocean was showered with lava-dust and lava mud to a depth of several inches. *This applies to an area of, perhaps, about half a million square miles, but in the immediate vicinity of Krakatoa, say within a within a hundred miles, the sea was so thick with fallen lava-dust and debris that vessels pushed through it with great difficulty, as if they were passing through a field of broken ice.* As for the Strait of Sunda, it was rendered quite impassable with mud and pumice; which is as if channel steamers were blocked on their way to the continent, because the Straits of Dover were covered with mud a foot or more in depth. In a word, the mass of mud and ashes and lava-dust blown out of Krakatoa into the air would have formed a solid cube a mile and a quarter in each dimension.

A great quantity of the finer dust projected into the air remained in suspension there for more than a year, and by a refraction of light caused the red and purple sunsets, the blue moons, and the copper suns that were seen all over the world from September, 1883, to the close of 1884, and that caused so much discussion and alarm. The whole northern part of the island, much the greater part, with an area of nearly six square miles, and an average height above sea level of 700 feet, was submerged, and remains so to this day, under 150 fathoms of water. Two new islands had thrust up their heads, and the whole configuration of the channel was altered.

All of which confirms one in the opinion that, when this old earth begins to fire off her heavy artillery—that is, blow the heads off her mountains—it makes human battles and explosions in powder and dynamite factories and the like look rather small.—McClure's Magazine.

"The Buchannan Diamonds," a most fascinating and instructive detective story, will begin in the Ledger of next week. Do not miss it.

How a Boy Measured a Tree.

He is not a boy in a book; he lives in our house. He seldom says anything remarkable. He eats oatmeal in large quantities and tears his trousers, and goes through the toes of his boots, and loses his cap, and slams the doors, and chases the cat, just like any other boy. But he is remarkable, for he asks few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand, he whistles—an excellent habit on most occasions. There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple tree to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"Foot-rule and yard-stick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked, anxiously.

"No'm, I just found the length of the shadow and measured that."

"But the length of the shadow changes."

"Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick in the ground, and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree and that's thirty-three feet."

"So that is what you have been whistling about all summer?"

"Did I whistle?" asked Tom.

ANY PERSON

Wishing to know the truth in regard to their health should not fail to send for a valuable and new 64-page Booklet which will be sent free for a short time to those who mention this paper. This book is published by the celebrated physicians and specialists—Dr. Hathaway & Co., of 215 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., whom you should address. Write today.

A New Name for It.

"Did you find out what that woman was hollerin' about?" said Josiah Bird's wife, when the old gentleman returned to their room at the hotel.

"I asked the clerk," he replied, "he said it was 'Il Trovatory.' I didn't like to show my ignorance by askin' more questions, but I reckon, maybe, it's the sussiety name for toothache."

THE GREATFUL THREE.

A Wonderful Story From the Folk-Lore of Southern India.

BY EDWARD COURTNEY.

Two brothers were talking to each other one day, in a beautiful house in southern India. They had lately lost their father, who had bequeathed to the elder son all his wealth, leaving the younger one destitute, unless he remained with his brother, dependent upon him.

The young man, however, was very proud and brave, and it was about his future that the two now sat in debate.

"Remain with me, my brother," the older one said; but the younger answered:

"Nay," I must go forth to seek elsewhere what my father denied me here. But fear not for me, for I shall go first to the blessed Ganges; there I shall spend some time in worship, and perhaps may come again to thee. Now, farewell, my brother; fear not, for all shall be well."

"I fear to let thee go, for hath our father not prophesied that for ten years thou shouldst be imprisoned? But if thou wilt go, avoid the sea coast, for it has proved dangerous to our family before."

The two then bade each other an affectionate farewell and the young man departed, carrying with him some food and a vessel containing water to drink on his way.

According to his promise he avoided both the sea coasts and took his way by the middle route. For many days he journeyed, and whenever he passed a stream he refilled his drinking vessel, but gradually water became scarcer and scarcer as he approached the desert.

Then, one day, all his food was gone, and soon he no longer had even water to drink. The dreary waste stretched all around him. The sands were hot, and he could not travel far in a day.

One morning, however, when he was weak with hunger and thirst, he suddenly saw, not far distant, a well, such as the Indians place frequently in the desert. He approached it, and let down the flask by a strong cord that he always carried with him for that purpose.

Now, you must know that Indian wells are peculiarly constructed. They have within them several ledges, or "stories," as they are called, at different depths, to enable the natives to descend when the water is very low; for in the dry season, the tanks render so scant a supply, that it is necessary to obtain drink.

When the vessel reached the first story, the young man felt the rope clutched and heard a voice cry:

"Oh, save me; I am the king of the tigers perishing here of hunger and thirst. For three days have I been imprisoned here, but kind heaven has sent you to release me. Do not think me a beast of prey, for when you have saved my life I cannot touch you. But I will serve you through life if only you will help me now."

The young man was much bewildered at this strange predicament. What if the hungry tiger should forget its promise when it had been saved, and make of him the first morsel to satisfy its hunger. But, on the other hand, he could obtain no water if he did not release the animal, and thus death stared him in the face whichever way he decided.

While these thoughts passed through his mind, suddenly his father's prophecy came before him, and having the firm faith and belief in predictions that is common in India, he said aloud:

"Yes, I will save you; for am I not to survive all disasters that my fate may be fulfilled?"

So saying he drew up the tiger, which, when it was on firm ground, walked three times around him, and then prostrating itself, cried to him:

"Oh, my preserver, how can I thank thee for my life! Know that three days ago I was pursuing a man, but he fell into this well, where I followed; but I found too late that I could not again come out. The man is still there, in the fourth story. On the first story I fell, and later that day, a rat and a serpent fell in, on the second and third stories. These two you may release when they ask you, but beware of releasing the silversmith, for he is a wicked man. And now I go to my father, who is the first of all tigers. When you need help, think of me and I shall be with you. But above all, remember what I have said, for if you save the silversmith you shall live to rue the day."

So saying the tiger departed, and the young Indian was left to ponder over this strange thing—that it had the power of speech. But thirst soon overcame him again, and again he let down his drinking vessel. Then he heard another voice:

"Oh, merciful, save me! I am king of the serpents, and falling into this well three days ago am now dying of hunger and thirst. Alas, my father, who is the first serpent, mourns my unitmely fate. Save me, most merciful, and I will serve you all my life."

The youth drew up the perishing serpent, which crawled three times around him. Then, prostrating itself, it cried:

"My master, my creator, my father, for I must call you these, because you have given me new life. I thank you for the gift, and if ever you are in danger, or need help, think but of me and I shall be with you. But remember what the tiger has told you, for his words are true. Know, that, three days ago, I was pursuing a rat, which fell into this well, where I followed. The rest you know. Save the rat, if you will, only beware of the silversmith."

So saying, the king of serpents departed, and was soon out of sight.

The young man again let down his drinking vessel, and, without waiting to be asked, drew up the rat, which, like the tiger and the serpent, promised to serve him and then ran away.

Now only the man remained in the well, and he begged for mercy.

"What do these foolish animals say?" he cried. "How can they judge a man? Oh, save me, and I will reward you, and bless you all my life."

As his thirst was still unquenched, the youth drew the man up, and again letting down his vessel drew up water.

When the two had drunk the silversmith said:

"How can I show my gratitude to you? Will you not come with me to my home? It lies only half a day's journey to the east, from here."

But the youth told him of his intended journey to the Ganges, and the silversmith answered:

"Speed, then, on your way. But if ever you come this way again, visit me at my house, and I shall be honored to serve my preserver."

And the man also departed.

Towards the end of the day, the young Indian again went forward. He soon reached his destination, and spent ten years in the observances of his religious rites, in bathing, praying, fasting and meditating.

At the end of that time a desire came upon him to revisit his brother, and remembering his promise to avoid the sea coasts, he returned in the same way that he had come.

Once more he stood by the well, and the memories that for ten long years had lain dormant, filled his mind again. To test the truth of what the animals had said, he thought of the tiger.

Instantly it came running towards him, and, prostrating itself, dropped at the young Indian's feet a beautiful golden crown, studded with diamonds and rubies of priceless worth.

"Oh, my preserver," the beast cried, "why have you so long forgotten your servant?"

And then the great king of the beasts humbled itself before him, and allowed itself to be stroked and petted like the veriest household kitten.

When the young man had dismissed it, he thought of the serpent, and instantly it was before him, dropping at his feet a beautiful emerald the size of a robin's egg. Expressing its thankfulness to its preserver, the reptile soon crept away at his word, and the rat was summoned in the same way, and came with a priceless gift, as the other two had.

When they had all departed, the man thought:

"If these dumb animals can so well remember a kindness, why not a brother creature. Therefore, will I go to the silversmith, and out of kindness will he dispose of these jewels for me, and the gold I can better carry to my brother's home."

So thinking, he traveled eastward, and soon was warmly welcomed by the merchant.

In the evening, when the house was quiet the young man brought forth his jewels and showed them to the silversmith, telling him at the same time how he obtained them. But when the silversmith beheld them, the evil in his nature was aroused, but he cleverly concealed it.

That night, while his guest slept, he stole forth on a secret errand, returning before sunrise with a band of soldiers. And when his guest stepped without the door in the morning to survey the strange city, he was seized and carried by force to the palace.

There the innocent man was brought before the king, who hid his face and would not look upon him, and without a hearing or a trial, he was cast into prison. Thus was his father's prophecy fulfilled.

But how had the silversmith this power? We will have to go back to the morning of the day when the grateful animals brought their gifts to their preserver.

It had happened that morning that the king with his court had gone hunting in the forest. Suddenly a tiger had sprung forth, and while the courtiers fled in dismay, it had pursued the king and killed him.

When the courtiers returned without their master, the young prince, who was now proclaimed king, would not believe the tale they told him, but thought his father had been murdered for, when search was made, his crown and his rich jewels were not to be found.

"Surely," the prince said, "a tiger would not eat them."

So a reward was offered for the restoration of the jewels and the conviction of the murderer. And thus it was, that the silversmith, knowing full well the truth of his guest's story, coveted the reward offered by the king and betrayed his preserver.

The cell that the Indian was cast into happened to be one directly under the pavement of the highway. Through an iron grating above a dim light penetrated to his quarters. And what was his horror to see countless bodies lying there, some dead, some dying; and it was only then that he realized the awful fate in store for him; he was to be left there to die of starvation.

As this conviction was borne to him, he suddenly heard voices above the grating. Two men were talking to him, and he soon learned the whole story of the treachery of the silversmith. And then the thought of his three animal friends came to him. Immediately, the three were together in the forest, debating how to reach their preserver. It was soon decided that the rat should enter the cell.

He called together all his armies, and in a few hours they had eaten a way to the prison. Then the king of the rats entered and said:

"Oh, master, your servants lament your sad plight. We cannot release you, but we will help you. Already I have given commands to my subjects to gather from all over the kingdom such dainties as are served in the houses of the rich. Thus will you be provided with food. The king of snakes bid me tell you that from this day there shall be a plague of snake-bites, and until you are released this shall continue. His majesty, the tiger, threatens to carry off a person from this kingdom daily until the king shall see the wickedness of his way and release you. And you," he continued, "must cry aloud to the people above of the wickedness of their king. The day will come when they will heed you and release you."

Years passed. But on account of his rich food, the Indian thived. But all the kingdom was wailing because of the awful calamities that daily befell the people. At last ten years had rolled away.

"The Grateful Three appeared before him."

"My time must soon be up," the Indian thought, and he began to call aloud to all the passersby of the wickedness of the king and of his power to heal all the evils if he were released.

Soon afterwards the princess, the king's only child, and heir to the throne, was bitten by a snake, and all the doctors failed to relieve her of her agonies. Then it was that the people told the king of the strange voice from the dungeon.

"He must be a god," they cried, "to live for ten years without food or drink."

And their clamor became so great, that the king had the prison opened and the Indian was led forth.

In the darkness of the cell, the man had grown so fair that all the people marveled, and then bowed down to him, believing him to be a god; and as soon as he looked at the princess, she began to get well.

Then the Indian promised to rid the people of their plague, and he asked the king and his people to go with him to the forest.

Having arrived there, he thought of his three friends, who instantly came at the head of their armies. The people turned to fly, but the Indian reassured them.

"Hear me, all of you," the Indian cried; "from this time, let the tigers leave this kingdom free from approach; let the snakes cease to molest these people, and the rats refrain from attacks on the cooks and stealing the dainties in the land."

"We will obey," chorused the three armies; and then, by a word, the Indian dismissed them all.

He is, indeed a god, to do such wonders," the people cried; and even the king bowed before him, and offered to give him the kingdom to rule and the princess for his queen.

"All this I will accept," said the Indian, "but first I must visit my brother, whom for twenty years I have not seen."

Thus was the lowly one raised to honors, and his father's prophecy fulfilled.

A Boy's Dairy.

A mother describes how she came to look upon the rubbish in her boy's drawer as his unwritten diary and the basis of his autobiography. She said to him one day: "My son, your bureau drawer is full of rubbish. You had better clear it out."

Yes, that would be his great delight; so we began.

"This horseshoe is of no u—"

"Oh, yes, it is; I found it under grandpa's cornerib, and he let me have it."

"These clam shells you'd better break up for the hens—"

"Why, mamma, I got them on the beach, you know last summer."

"Here is that old flute yet. Why do you heap up such trash?"

"That is a nice flute that Willie gave me two Christmases ago. Didn't we have a splendid time that day?"

"Well, this bottle is good for nothing—"

"Oh, yes it is. That is the bottle I used for a bobber when we went fishing at Green's lake. A black bass pulled that bottle away under the water."

Then the mother thought that to destroy these historical relics would be to obliterate pleasant memories.

Horses Have Humor.

Horses may have no souls, but they have humor, which for the practical purposes of the world is sometimes quite good, and let no one doubt they enjoy it. Some time ago a fine horse that had been sold to a second-hand furniture man, was coming down the street with a load when the signal gong rang in the engine house it just happened to pass. The old horse had been going at the pace of a nag that works by the day. But there was a change.

The driver picked himself up to see his steed disappearing around the corner at breakneck speed, with bureau drawers and chairs flying out behind and littering the street. Away it went, like a meteor, ahead of the flying fire brigade, to the fire, picked out a hydrant and backed what was left of the wagon up against it. Only then did it stop. But if any doubter could have seen the grin on that horse's face as it eyed the driver who came panting up to claim it, he would have doubted no longer. —New York City Livery Stable.

For His Mother's Sake.

The florist's boy had just swept some broken and withered flowers into the gutter when a ragged urchin darted across the street. He stooped over the pile of mangled flowers, and came at last upon a rose seemingly in better condition than the rest. But as he tenderly picked it up the petals fluttered to the ground, leaving only the bare stalk in his hand.

He stood quite still, and his lips quivered perceptibly. The florist's boy, who had been looking at him severely, felt that his face was softening. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he asked.

The ragged little fellow choked as he answered: "It's for my mother. She's sick, and she can't eat nothin', and I thought if she'd a flower to smell it might make her feel better."

"Just you wait a minute," said the florist's boy, as he disappeared. When he came out upon the sidewalk he held in his hand a beautiful half-opened rose, which he carefully wrapped in tissue paper. "There," he said, "take that to your mother."—The Midland.

Second wives of Cleveland Mormon don't get their pensions.

Agents Wanted Page 7

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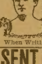

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SYNOPSIS.

Winnie Ruston, 17 and pretty, arrives in Chicago from the ranch to live with her aunt, Mrs. Randolph Reston, who is a widow with $5,000 in cash. She falls in with Dick Dolan, who robs her and takes her to questionable house kept by Mrs. Quigley. The girl is drugged and sent to sea. Winnie becomes seaphobia, but is shown by the captain, Dan Hamburger, a good deal of kindness and finally proposes marriage, a proposal which Winnie declines. Hamburger, a crook, of course, like Randolph, but admits it, saying that he took him out on his yacht and he never came back. He decides to get this girl out of the way, and dumps her into a small boat in the middle of the night. But her father is left on board by Hamburger. Winnie leaves the true situation of affairs and hops from the yacht into the lake. She is rescued by Parlee and taken in his launch to shore. Hamburger was taken by to a respectable house and left there. Parlee and Winnie go to the Quigley house, where Dolan is found on the lake in his launch and the boat is capsized in a storm. They are rescued by Hamburger and his gang and Parlee made drunk. At a Chicago club Winnie escapes and meets her ranch lover, Don Blanford, who tries to protect her, but is scalded and left for dead. Winnie is taken to the home of Mrs. Lake Michigan, by Hamburger. He is left behind for father is held a prisoner. Winnie escapes when the island sinks and soon her father, sorely wounded by a fall. Hamburger shows how he left the girl's father on the island and how he left it to other places in Chicago."

"Is my money—that for which he worked so faithfully," said Winnie, "to be used in paying off the mortgages on the ranch. Surely, surely—"

"Never mind the ranch," interrupted the yacht owner. "We'll give that the go by for the present. Your father can't let that mortgage run for long, and I'll see to purchasing. And what's more, I'll not take the four thousand, able to Bangor and enjoy ourselves."

"No monster!" came from the whitened lips of the girl. "You have a heart of less than a stone. Go! leave me to take care of my own business!"

"Not yet can you be free," continued the yacht owner. "I'll get Foley to come in here after a while and he can be after the old man. Come with me."

Into he caught hold of Winnie.

"I'll not go! Where do you want to take me?"

"To the yacht."

"To the yacht!"

"I say you shall go!" Hamburger clasped her rightly by the waist. "It is useless for you to resist."

A fierce struggle followed, but weak from what she had been through the girl was no match for the strong man, and he carried her to the yacht and started off in the direction of the island.

To the meantime Foley had been making a search for the yawl and had found it from a short distance. He was on the island at Hamburger's call the sailor came creeping up to the beach.

"Ay!"

"I've found the girl," answered Hamburger in a fierce burst, and then he and Foley rowed off in the yawl.

Hamburger was in a fever of haste, and got without much to his surprise, for he was certain that the four thousand dollars were to be his reward for the undertaking. But Winnie continued the struggle, but all

STRONG STATEMENTS.

Three Women Relieved of Female Troubles by Mrs. Pinkham.

From Mrs. A. W. Sarin, 10 Sumner St., Biddeford, Me.:

"For several years I suffered with various diseases peculiar to my sex. Was troubled with a burning sensation across the top of my head. Had allgone feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least exertion tired me. I tried several doctors but received little benefit. At last I decided to give your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. She did so, and the first bottle was a surprise. These symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like magic before the sun. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to women."

From Mrs. Melissa Phillips, Lexington, Ind., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"Before I began taking your medicine I had suffered for two years with that tired feeling, headache, backache, nervousness, and a run-down condition of the system. I could not walk across the room. I have taken four bottles of your Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills and used one package of Sanative Wash and am able to do my work."

From Mrs. Mollie E. Hesser, Powhatan, Kansas:

"For three years I suffered with such a weakness of the back, I could not perform my household duties. I also had falling of the womb, accompanied by bag-down pains and headache. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel like a new woman. I recommend your medicine to every woman I know."

The hunt brought him and Dolan face to face with Harold Parlee. The young millionaire was getting ready to start on board his steam launch. A talk that was not very agreeable to the ears of Dolan ensued in the course of which he gave Parlee a blow that knocked him overboard. Dolan then made off in his launch.

"I'll go and get Randolph Reston," he said to himself.

"Why not? I have the money, and 'tood' is ready to be used in the game."

He raced for Reston and made a search for him at the usual haunts.

It looked as if Randolph Reston's best moment on earth had arrived.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE POWER OF A VILLAIN.

Dan Hamburger was a man not a man of such nerve before.

He heard Dolan's address and after another run with Don Blanford, after the girl, he left the island.

He was not a coward, exactly, only he had himself captured and so roundly beaten that he had no desire for days afterward.

He was running up chances on his prowess and Dolan had not fooled him on his own account. He came during Winnie's absence to the island and with Foley made a search for Winnie. Then, after a time, he came to the conclusion that he had been deceived by Dolan, left Foley with Hamburger and thereby endeavor to save his own skin.

Dan would not promise much but he did promise to get Foley off the island, and the sailor was willing to trust to Hamburger's honor and started out quickly.

Dan had come to help me save Miss Reston, and perhaps I'll be easy-like on him after all. He'll give me the girl and get out of the ranch manager, and with the girl I'll get the money.

Such was the thought that came to Foley as he left the island where many a man had been left to his fate, and Hamburger remembered the location of this island and knew that they would be safe from pursuit in case bad gone there, or to the other island in the lake.

He was not at all certain that Winnie was at once set out to find a boat in which to follow the Foley.

"Dan sent the man on his back two yards away."

Alaska, where he engaged in gold mining, and in the accompanying sketch he shows his invalid sister and Miss Clivia Cromwell, who, although she has never been outside of a world of good, and who knows the world only as it is, is very lucky in her choice. Her best friend engaged he was an utter scoundrel, but she married him, and found that he was a gentleman of the highest type of character and noble feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least exertion tired me. I tried several doctors but received little benefit. At last I decided to give your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. She did so, and the first bottle was a surprise. These symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like magic before the sun. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to women."

"I don't know her."

"A lie, Hamburger—be ashamed of your cradle!" affirmed Foley.

"Who—I don't breathe!"

"Never lies! He will dig!"

"Hold!"

The sudden cry came from Randolph Reston, who was quite delirious, but this time from joy. Not knowing but what he was dreaming, he had struggled to get to him and looked at the words behind the book.

"Help! Save me, Winnie! Don! Save me!"

Again Randolph Reston sank back, and as the ranchman realized the true condition of affairs. He turned and to Hamburger, to find the rascal footing up the path from the log cabin and making for the boat.

"Boat or I will fire upon you!" he called out.

The answer was a shot from Hamburger's revolver, which unpleasantly close to Foley's head.

"Crack!"

It was the ranch manager's stand that spoke now, and Hamburger who hit in the shoulder and fell back, was unable to proceed further. He crawled to the nearest shelter, was soon reached the boat. Foley was approaching and he heard words out to the Lily.

The ranchman was in a quandary. He did not wish to leave his employer, yet he could not see him shot down around, and he did not wish to be shot himself.

He called for Winnie, but, of course, no answer came back.

Then he started after Hamburger, to reach the inlet just as the yacht owner was getting into the boat.

Attempt to fire on the ranch manager failed as he pulled the infuriated man.

"Winnie! Winnie!" he called out, "are on board of that yacht?"

"That I am, Don!" came the answer, from the small window of the stateroom, "and I'm safe!"

"I will!" answered the ranch manager, and then to Foley: "Go!"

The sailor was not slow to obey, and he put into appearance, stamping up to the deck, where he met the fist of the ranch would permit!

Hamburger was quickly surprised at the appearance of Foley, although he was certain then that Dolan had deceived him.

"You keep off!" he ordered, while the yacht started for the inlet. "Keep off! Don't you dare come near the Lily!"

"Where is Winnie?" was the answer in the grim answer. "Tell you the game is up, Hamburger, and that you must surrender!"

"Fired out! Hardly. Stop, do you hear? Stop!"

"I am listening, but I'm not stopping." "Then you're a fool, Winnie Ruston is aboard of this boat."

"I know that already."

POSSESSION.

Louis L. Colby.

She told me she had lost her heart;
She didn't seem to mind it,
I hunted high and low,
But nowhere could I find it.

I told her so in doleful tones,
But she did not smile;
"What a great you are," she said
"To find it after while."

HER FIRST CASE.

The Budding Female Doctor Pronounced It Brain Concussion but He Had a Broken Shin.

"My dear! I've the liveliest joke to tell you!"

And I know by her tones Maude must be getting over the worst of her nervous shock, who is the bright and shining star of our social circle, and I am glad to see that even Nature will not long resist sympathy. Politely we are duly posed of our presentiments, present and future, in the rush and smashaway that bring her to our level.

"Well, you know Jack Hardie, don't you?" she asked, when she had finished, "and now that I'm out of it, I guess I might as well tell you the whole story."

Declaration of Independence.

"My son," said the indignant father, "I have stood your impudence as long as I'm going to stand it. You haven't backed a horse for a good while, but you've got to get one now. Take off your coat!"

The son did as he was bid, and, with a husky boy, "I can do you up with a sack."

Wm. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Had Given Up Hope.

"People who tell lies," said her mother, "will go to the bad place."

"Well, you know, mamma," replied, "that now that I'm out of it, I guess I might as well say what I please."

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Any boy can get it. Write A. J. Drexel, Box 1, Philadelphia, Pa., and he will tell you how. Boy's age, 10 to 16 years. Give name, postoffice, height, weight and color of eyes and hair. Don't delay. Write at once. Don't forget to say how old you are. Don't fail to write with your religion or politics. Thousands of boys have written. Why not you? Don't be afraid to write. Don't be afraid to ask for anything you want. Don't be afraid to tell your parents you have written. Don't be afraid to tell your parents you have received the Boy Scout Luxury. Don't be afraid to tell your parents you are going to get it. Be thankful to A. J. Drexel.

Feel Hard.

"Feel hard, mother?" asked Tommy.

"Why, what do you mean, my child?"

"Why, I was invited to-day to a party, and I thought you might feel hard enough to let me go."

"Feel hard enough! Why, what do you mean, Tommy?"

"Why, I thought you might feel hard enough to let me go, because I've been kept in every day this week."

Set Him Thinking.

"Willie," said her son fastidiously, "I don't like to be called 'Willie.'"

"Yes," said Willie, sweetly, "a jewel with a name."

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A PECULIAR DREAM.

"I had a strange dream last night," said the Club-man.

"So?" inquired the Newspaper Man, "well, don't tell us about it."

"I don't intend to," replied the Club-man, throwing himself into an easy position, "it was this way. I dreamed I was in a large dark hall. On all sides were arranged long tables, and on the tables were arrayed lamps and candles of every description, but all unlighted. I don't know how I was able to see them, for it was as dark as Egypt, but I did see them as plainly as I see you now."

"That was peculiar," said the Newspaper man, "it reminds me——"

"Well, as I was saying," continued the Club-man, "it was very dark, and I was obliged to grope my way, and in so doing I ran plump into another man. 'Hello' he said, 'are you the other one?' 'The other what?' said I. 'The other judge,' said he. Then I remembered, as one remembers such things in dreams, that I had been appointed a judge in the liars' exhibit, and I knew this must be it."

"Very strange," said the Newspaper Man, "it reminds me——"

"And I remembered," continued the Club-man, "that this fellow was the other judge, and that our duty was to award a prize to the most brilliant liar. By some strange means I now found all the lamps and candles to be alight, and I noticed that each had a tag attached. On examining a tag that hung from a very small candle I found it to read 'Ananias,' and on one of the same magnitude hung a label, 'Sapphira.' There was a candle slightly larger, which bore a tag 'Munchausen' and so on through all the candles, each bore a name more or less noted in the history of lies."

"A very queer dream," said the Newspaper Man, "it reminds me——"

"But of course," continued the Club-man, "the candles were not really in the contest. The lamps were much brighter. One labeled 'Fisherman' was quite brilliant, and another, it was 'The Weather Prophet' was still brighter. Then there was a lot of about the same brilliancy; they were, 'The Coal Dealer's Scales,' 'The Sea-serpent discoverer,' 'The Summer Resort Advertiser,' 'The War Rumor Manufacturer,' 'The Crop Reporter,' 'The Campaign Fake Originator,' and others that I cannot recall at this moment.

"But it was clear that the prize must be awarded to either one of two very brilliant lamps that quite eclipsed the rest. One was 'The Gas Meter,' and the other 'The Water Meter.' We considered these two for quite awhile, without arriving at a decision, for while 'The Gas Meter' was possibly the most brilliant, 'The Water Meter' burned with a surer, steadier flame."

"A very clever idea," said the Newspaper Man, "it reminds me——"

"But," continued the Club-man, "our indecision was soon ended, and in a striking manner. As we stood before the two lamps, a tremendous light burst upon us, filling the room with almost painful brilliancy. We found the light came from an immense arc light that hung from the ceiling, and it was evidently lettered, but we could not bear to look at it long enough to decipher the legend. The light was so intense that the other lights seemed lost in the flood, and we could hardly tell that they were burning. Luckily I had a piece of smoked glass in my pocket, and by its aid I read the name of the giant among liars. It was 'The Newspaper Subscription Liar.'"

"I don't see the point," said the Newspaper Man, "but it reminds me that I forgot to shove on an extra ten thousand on this week's certified subscription."

And he departed.

Battleships and Cruisers.

"I tell you," said Jayson Spriggs, "all this talk about our not being prepared for war has been simply buncombe. We've been ready from the first. We may not have as many old hulks as Spain has, but when it comes to battleships and cruisers we beat her two to one, easy."

"Say, pa," asked little Willie Spriggs, "what's the difference between battleships and cruisers, anyway? They look about alike in all the pictures that I ever seen."

"Pooh!" Mr. Spriggs ejaculated, "don't you know the difference between a cruiser and a battleship?"

"No, and I ain't seen anybody that does, either," the boy replied.

"You must be crazy, then," said Willie's pa. "Why, the papers have told the difference dozens and dozens of times. Cruisers are named after towns and battleships are named after states. Any fool ought to know that by this time."

Noticed the Likeness.

A Parisian swell recently had a crayon picture of himself made, which he afterward pretended to find fault with.

"It does not bear the slightest resemblance to me," said he, "and I will not take it."

The artist protested, but all to no avail. After the dandy had left the painter added to the portrait a magnificent pair of ass' ears and exhibited it in the window, thus altered, to the gaze of the curious public.

It hadn't been long exposed when the dandy entered the artist's studio in a towering rage, and, finding that threats amounted to nothing, he at length offered to buy it, even at a considerable advance upon the original price.

"It wasn't strange you didn't recognize your resemblance to the picture at first," said the painter, "but I knew you'd notice the likeness as soon as I added those ears."

Told the Truth.

1. "Twenty-five dollars is offered for this mule. Going!—Going!—

"Gone!"

No Wash Day Dinner.

Aunt Sally (on her return home)—Our niece, if she does live in awful good style down to N' York, is just the smartest piece I ever seed.

Uncle Eben—That so?

Aunt Sally—Yes, siree. Why, last Monday she must 'a' got her wash off'n her hands mighty airly, 'cause I took particular notice, an' the meals was jest as good as any other day.—Truth.

Unprofessional? It's Miraculous!

"He seems to be pretty prosperous. Why don't you think he is a good physician?"

"His prosperity. Why, sir, do you know, he manages to collect 75 per cent of the fees that are due him, and it seems almost unprofessional."

Football and History.

Prof. Learnwell—Mr. Beardslee, you may recite, please, upon the disposition of the French empire upon the death of Charlemagne.

Mr. Billee Beardslee (celebrated Halfback)—Well—er—professor, I am not very well prepared on that part of the lesson, as there seemed to be some obscurities that I could not clear up; but—er, I think—if I am not mistaken in the matter—tha—er—the kingdom passed into the hands of Charlemagne's successor.

Doing the Elegant.

Mrs. Golightly (fishing for compliments)—Ah, Mr. McJoseph, beauty is the most precious of all gifts heaven has vouchsafed to us women. I'd sooner possess beauty than anything else in the world.

Mr. McJoseph (under the impression that he is making himself agreeable)—I'm sure, my dear madam, that any regret you may possibly entertain on that score is amply compensated for by—er—by—the innate consciousness of your moral worth, you know—and—of your many and numerous superior mental accomplishments.

Uncle Henry (solus)—Oh, I don't know, they hain't so warm in Greater N' York. I guess we kin go the gait with them out here in Swampville even if duck pants are all the style.

She Told Him After All.

It is told how a happy couple were honeymooning in the country, when the first packet of letters from home arrived, and the husband proposed to open one addressed to his wife.

"Certainly not," she said, firmly.

"But, Philippa," he remonstrated, "surely you are not going to have any secrets from me now that we are married?"

"I shall not have any secrets from you, but Phyllis might," his wife said. "That letter is hers, not mine. I shall probably let you read it after I have, but not until I am sure that Phyllis has told me nothing but what she would be willing for you to know."

"Still, doesn't it imply a lack of confidence when a wife won't show her letters to her husband?"

"Not at all. The lack of confidence is shown by the husband when he demands to see his wife's letters."

This was unanswerable, and Mr. Grant sank back in his chair with amused delight in his wife's perfect unconsciousness of having said a good thing.

Presently she added:

"I told you so! Here is something Phyllis wouldn't want you to know."

"Then why are you going to tell me?"

"I'm not going to tell you what it is. You are only to know there is something you can't know—at present."

"Phyllis is engaged," Mr. Grant remarked.

"And what if she is? You are not to know to whom."

"To Radcliff," hazarded her husband.

"I didn't say so."

"But you don't say she isn't."

"How could I say she isn't when she——"

"Is? I really think, my dear, you might as well have let me read that letter."

A Nightmare That Was Found.

There was a Nightmare that went wandering forth looking for a home the other evening.

It was a most extraordinary Nightmare, garbed in all the colors usually attributed to the rainbow and a good many others not generally known outside of the more popular form of the Hereafter. To the sight, to the taste, and to the intellect this Nightmare was equally horrible.

The first time it attempted a definite landing was in Chinatown. But even the most opium-soaked of the pipe-hitters turned shudderingly away.

Then it went up to the ruins of the Tenderloin, and found a bleary-eyed rounder that it felt quite sure of. This rounder was used to seeing menageries that Hagenbeck would have given large amounts for, but he put his head into cold water rather than harbor this Nightmare.

From this rebuff the Nightmare proceeded to attempt invasion of a bum whose habitat was a bench in the park. Almost every night ghastly visions of what he might have been came to this bum, and his taste in gruesomeness was well calloused, but at first sight of this nightmare he shrieked for a policeman. Which is proof positive of his unprecedented distress.

At last, almost in despair, the Nightmare happened to come to a newspaper owner. The latter smiled blissfully, and the next morning—

The colored newspaper supplement was born.

A Matter of Record.

Chimneysweep's Apprentice—My master sent me here to get him a pair of gloves.

Dealer—What size?

Apprentice—I don't know, but I guess you can tell from my face, for he swiped me side of the head just now!

A Serious Job.

"John, dear, I wish you'd lend me your knife."

"Yes, love."

"And just ask Sarah to bring down my big apron out of the bedroom, and a duster, and some paraffin, and the wash-leather."

"And the wash-leather. Anything else?"

"Yes; Thomas must clear out the yard and sweep it up a bit. And I shall want some copper wire and the screw-hammer and that bottle of stuff for renovating leather, and an old brush."

"Is that all? Are you going to repair all the furniture?"

"Don't be silly. I must have some sticking plaster and a few bits of rag and a pail of water."

"Nothing else? It sounds like a surgical operation or a second edition of house-cleaning."

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt when I'm trying to think of things. Let me see; there's nothing else—oh, yes, I must have a pair of scissors and my garden gloves and some scouring paper."

"Good heaven! What has happened? I hope it's nothing serious?"

"Bless the man, no! I'm only going to overhaul my bike."

Purposeless.

Grimshaw—That fellow, Bosanko, is always engaged in some profitless enterprise or other.

Askins—What is his latest?

Grimshaw—I saw him last night telling ghost stories to a bald-headed man.—Puck.

AT THE BANKS.

"Do you mean to tell me," she said, when she had finally secured the attention of the cashier of the bank, "that I must put a stamp on this check?"

"If you do not the check will not be good," replied the cashier.

"But this is such a pretty check," she protested. "Don't you know that I picked out this bank to put my money in because the engraving on your checks is so artistic? It's an outrage to have to spoil it all."

"We can't help that, madam," answered the cashier. "The law says there must be a stamp on the check."

"Oh, well, if you just cashed mine without the stamps," she insisted, "the law wouldn't know anything about it. I don't care anything about the two cents, you know," she hastened to add, "but I do hate to think that when I send the check for my next quarter's dues for our card club the secretary and the president will both see that ugly stamp and comment on my lack of taste."

"I'm sorry, madam," returned the cashier, wearily.

"There isn't any place for the stamp, either," she argued. "I can't put it anywhere on the check without covering up something or other."

"We didn't know," when we had the checks designed," explained the cashier, "that it would be necessary to put stamps on them or we should have left a place for them."

"I suppose so," she said, thoughtfully. "Do you think they will look better in the upper right-hand corner or the lower left-hand corner?"

"I'm sure I don't know," he replied.

"But what do you think?" she persisted.

"I shall put mine in the upper left-hand corner," he answered, in desperation.

"Then that's where I'll put them," she said. "I'm ever so much obliged to you for all your kindness. I suppose there's no use getting the stamps one at a time, I'd better get enough now to last me."

"That would be the safest way," he told her.

"Very well," she returned. "You may give me ten stamps."

"Go to the paying teller's window, madam," he directed.

"But there are so many people there," she protested. "Can't you give them to me?"

He said he couldn't, and so she went to the paying teller's window. A minute or two later he heard her voice again raised in protest.

"Oh, don't give me stamps with that great big 'I. R.' on them," she said. "Can't you give me some of the pretty ones like Mrs. Brown got?"

It was explained to her that the supply of regular internal revenue stamps had been exhausted and that these had been improvised as substitutes, so she finally took them.

"But," she said, as she went away from the window, "if you haven't got some of the pretty ones in the next time I come I'll just take my account somewhere else."

No Question of Stature.

Bodly—Did you see that short man who called here after you?

Hodly—No; what did he look like?

Bodly—Well, he was stout and rather tall, and——

Hodly—But you just said he was short.

Bodly—Well, that was what he said.—Puck.

He Knew.

Teacher—What is an island?

Johnny Teller—A body of land entirely surrounded by warships, ma'am.—Judge.

HER ANSWER.

Cholly—I told her my face was my fortune.

Will—What did she say?

Cholly—She said she wasn't going to marry a pauper.

Extreme Cleanliness.

Mrs. Bridely (in tears)—Oh, John, how can you scold me so? You know you often said before our marriage that you delighted in cleanliness.

Mr. Bridely (grimly)—So I do; but I draw the line on paying for a woman to scrub the bottom of the coal scuttle just before the coal is put in.

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Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness. 25c.

Artistic.

"Don't you think that's rather a clever drawing of Dauber's?"

"Well, the faces do look rather drawn."

A SIGNAL.

Cholly—Weally, Miss Soldier Girl, I would have gone to war, but I don't see what they could use me for.

Miss Soldier Girl—They might have used you for a wigwag signal.

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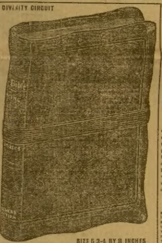

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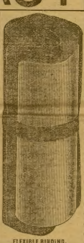

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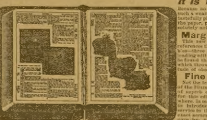

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